Deane suggested they PISS in them too. The toilets over-flowed with piss and shit. The tenants dumped in their waste baskets. Emptying them months later Johnny discovered their mummified turds like aborted babies.

Mack's enormous ass looming over his tiny waste basket....

Empty chip bags, crumpled cigarette packs, crusted socks....

Somebody died alone and rotted till somebody else noticed the stink.

It wasn't easy....

It was him.....

Life, in a Porkdale flop.

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Johnny hated Crazy Jane's Asylum Tour Group. The worst things! They didn't want to know....

Max the Butcher claimed the wall was his because he mentioned it in Never Had It So Good. It had been there for two hundred years but nobody noticed it till Max came along and mentioned it in one of his many communications. True it had been physically created by patients and city engineers, but Max gave it meaning when he co-opted it as a metaphor for all the suffering of his bitter, bitching, delusional life. Somebody else might have built it, but Max made the wall.

His goons smashed the camera in the face of anyone rash enough to photograph what he considered his intellectual property.

Johnny noticed Graham Crackers standing beside an ancient laundry chute. He asked him if he wanted THING STREET ASYLUM. He said he didn't even want it in the neighborhood. It was clean. Johnny wanted to say, so was his book. Instead, he nodded and went on. The man was obviously mad.

He recognized Jah Lo See in the throng, in pharmacist's drag. She'd been to The Food Bank of the Holy Baby Jesus. Brother Freddie'd given her 3 boxes of Kraft Dinner (expired) and some gummies. He'd put them in the clear, plastic bag at her feet.

She'd seen him, stapling his $CAMH posters to every wooden telephone pole on Thing Street. She didn't recognize him. She glared at his Transforming Wives T-shirt, parodying the Transforming Lives ad campaign of Thing Street Asylum.